Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.
H. Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King, King *Richard* lies
within With the limits of yon lime and ſtone,
And with him the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord Salisburie,
Sir Stephen Scroope, beſides a Cleargie man
Of holie reuerence, who I cannot learne.
North. Oh belike it is the Biſhop of *Carleile*.
Lord *Bul.* Noble Lords,
Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Caſtle,
parle Through braſen Trumpet ſend the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.
Henry Bullingbrook vpon his knees *H. Bul.* on both his knees, doth kiſſe king *Richards* hand.
And ſends alleageance and true faith of heart
his vnto his most To his Royall perſon: hither come
Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my baniſhment repeald,
And lands reſtored againe be freely graunted;
If not, ile vſe the aduantage of my power,
And lay the ſummers duſt with ſhowres of blood,
Raind from the wounds of ſlaughtered Engliſhmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
bedrench It is, ſuch chrimſon tempeſt ſhould be drenchd,
The freſh greene lap of faire King *Richards* land,
My ſtooping dutie tenderlie ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the graſſie carpet of this plaine;
Lets march without the noyſe of threatning drumme,
tattered That from this Caſtles tattered battlements,
Our faire appointments may be well peruſd.
Methinks King Richard and my ſelfe ſhould meete
With no leſſe terrour then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring ſmoake,
At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of heauen.
Be he the Fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
raine The rage be his, whilſt on the earth I raigne
My Water's on the earth, and not on him:
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

The

The Trumpet ſound, Ric
Bull. See, ſee, King Ri
As doth the bluſhing diſc
From out the fierie porta
When he perceiues the e
To dimme his glorie, an
Of his bright paſſage to
Yorke. Yet lookes he l
As bright as is the Eagle
Controlling Maieſtie;
That any harme ſhould
King. We are amazd,
To watch the fearefull b
Becauſe we thought our
And if we be, how dare t
the To pay their awefull dut
If we be not, ſhew vs th
That hath diſmiſt vs fro
For well we know, no ha
Can gripe the ſacred ha
Vnleſſe he do prophan
And though you thinke
Haue torne their ſoules,
And we are barren and
Yet know, my Maiſter
Is muſtering in his clou
Armies of Peſtilence,
Your Children yet vnb
That lift your vaſſaile
And threat the glorie
Tell *Bullingbrooke* (for
That euerie ſtride he
Is dangerous treaſon:
The purple Teſtamen
But ere the Crowne he
Ten thouſand bloody
Shall ill become the fl
Change the complexi
X *Parle without, and an*
on the walles. Richard,